

FORD TIMES

december 1951





"Christmas Village," an annual community project of Torrington, Connecticut, as recorded in watercolor by George Shellhase. (Story on page 2.)



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Christmas Village

paintings by George Shellhase

YOU cannot be around Torrington, Connecticut, very long without believing in Santa Claus. For this is an exceedingly Christmas-conscious town, and even though you may reach an age when you no longer share in Santa's largess of toys, you are never too old to help with "Christmas Village"—a community-wide project that makes Santa's annual visit a sparkling, tinsel success for every child in the city, plus a few more who stray in from neighboring towns.

It was several years ago that Carl Bozenski, the Special Events Director of the city's Recreation Department, first invited Santa Claus to spend the two weeks just before Christmas in Torrington. Santa accepted, and now his annual sojourn there is an essential part of Christmas, as Torrington children know it.

The project of getting ready to entertain this celebrated visitor is a big one. The rustic shelter at Alvord Playground is converted into a replica of Santa's famous North Pole residence. A magnificently spangled throne is provided for him to sit on when he welcomes the children into his tinsel-decked parlor, and a huge Christmas tree is set up, ready for him to decorate with lights and toys. And there are plenty of other jobs for all the able-bodied adults who can be pressed into service. Most of them are more than willing.

Because this is his busy season, Santa brings along several of the elves who are his toymakers. Their workshop is right next to his parlor. But Torrington people realize that even these industrious creatures can't turn out all the toys needed if Santa is to give one to each child who visits him at Christmas Village. So the day before the Village opens is designated Toy Shower Day, when, with the help of newspaper and radio



Children will stand fascinated for hours, watching the elf toymakers at work. There are actually three elves, but one was out to lunch when the artist painted this picture.



The first thing visitors see when they approach Christmas Village is a splendid outdoor Christmas tree, decorated with huge, lighted ornaments.



Children line up to see Santa.

they want for Christmas, and receive the presents he has for them. Some of them are boisterous, some are shy, but all of them are enchanted with Christmas Village.

That's because it is just exactly the way it should be, even to childhood's uncompromising standards. Santa Claus is properly ruddy and chubby and bewhiskered. His Christmas tree is a towering mountain of lights and toys. The ceilings and walls are covered with toys, stuffed animals and birds. Behind Santa hang two books, one labeled "Santa's Record Book—Good Boys and Girls," and the other, "Bad Boys and Girls." But there's a rumor that the second book hasn't any names in it. For certainly every child who comes to Christmas Village receives a worthwhile gift from Santa's own hand—not just a trinket or a lollypop, but a real present. And of course it doesn't cost his parents anything—for there is nothing commercial about Christmas village: no admission fee, nothing

They climb into his red sleigh.



announcements, toys are literally showered on the Recreation Department by generous Torrington citizens.

At last, after weeks of preparation, there comes the wonderful afternoon when the shelter door is flung open, the lights from Santa's tree stream out into the snowy winter afternoon, and the first children troop in to tell Santa what

ing sold, no advertising of any kind.

The elves' workshop is even more exciting, for it is crammed with toys—some of them finished, some half done, some barely started. There are electric trains running about on tracks, trucks at work, lots and lots of dolls, and small stuffed animals jumping up and down from the ceiling.

In the elves' workshop, Santa Claus' helpers manipulate hidden strings to keep the hanging toys constantly in motion (right).

The crèche, with its almost life-size figures, is beautiful and serene—a reminder of the deeper meaning of Christmas (below).





The animals are always hungry.

dren would stand here fascinated for hours if it were not for their mothers' indulgent promptings, and the pressure of other children who want to see, too.

There's another Christmas tree outside, decorated with lights that turn the snow on its branches pink and green and purple and yellow. There's Santa's red sleigh—a child can climb into it and pretend he's riding with Santa Claus, exactly like “Up on the housetops, click, click, click—Down through

Santa's “eight tiny reindeer.”



The elves are intent on their work—sawing or painting or carving or sewing. They wear funny floppy stocking caps, and the pointed green shoes with bells on the toes that elves are known to prefer.

It's all a story-book come true, and the youngsters stare with rapturous eyes, oblivious of their cumbersome snow suits, and of their dripping galoshes and dragging mittens. This is the room where a traffic jam develops, for the chil-

the chimney with good Saint Nick!” Best of all there are the reindeer, who love to be petted and are perpetually hungry for popcorn or crackers or almost anything else a child might have in his pocket. Lest anyone doubt that these are indeed Santa's own reindeer, their well-known names are inscribed across the front of the shed where they are quartered: *Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Cupid, Comet, Donder, Blitzen.*

Just before leaving Christmas Village, visitors

Every child receives a present.

walk over to the crèche, where the baby Jesus lies in the manger, with Mary and Joseph nearby, while shepherds and wise men wait to do Him honor. Children who have been chortling in delight over the elves' workshop grow thoughtful and interested and reverent in the December dusk, as the stars come out in the winter sky almost bright enough to match the big yellow one that hangs above the Christ-child's head.

Santa Claus departs on Christmas Eve—lock, stock, reindeer, sleigh and elves. But he leaves a happier town behind him.



Assorted species serve as Santa's "reindeer."



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The Biggest Dam in the World

photograph by Ray Atkeson

ALMOST everything about Grand Coulee Dam—pictures of it, its statistics, achievements and potentialities—is overwhelming. One of the awesome facts is that this is the biggest structure ever made by man on the face of the earth.

Grand Coulee Dam is usually thought of in terms of hydroelectric power, and in this connection here is a fact to give one pause: not only has it a greater power potential than any other hydroelectric development in the country, but there never can be, in North America, a greater one—only the Columbia has the requisite size, flow, and depth of valley.

In spite of the enormous number of kilowatts (nine billion ultimately), Grand Coulee's prime importance, and the reason why it was conceived in the first place, is irrigation. The picture on the opposite page illustrates this aspect of the project.

In the middle of the left hand side of the picture are seen the twelve flumes which are part of the largest pumping plant in the world. The purpose of the plant is to raise water from the lake behind the dam up into the Grand Coulee, which is, or was, a dry valley in which the Columbia River used to flow after a glacier blocked its original bed during the Ice Age. Thus, the whole project is a sort of hydraulic ram in which one part of the Columbia River develops the power to send another part of it uphill to a vast irrigation reservoir.

Two of the twelve pumps are now in operation. Each pump has 65,000 horsepower. The twelve together could pump enough water to supply the domestic needs of 140,000,000 persons.

The reservoir in the Grand Coulee, which can be seen in the upper part of the picture, will provide water for irrigating more than a million acres of land, which in turn will support 12,800 families on a high standard of living. The land of the vast Grand Coulee Basin is mostly a rich volcanic ash, and



given sufficient moisture it can have a productive capacity two and a half times greater than the average soil of the country.

Because only 25 percent of the total power of Grand Coulee will be needed for pumping, the surplus of electricity will have a great effect on the industrial picture in the Northwest. Already a light metals industry (aluminum and magnesium) is booming in Spokane with the help of cheap and ample power.

Grand Coulee Dam, aside from its economic importance, is a great attraction for tourists. It is ninety-two miles west of Spokane.

Anticipating that this colossal project would bring visitors in great number, the Bureau of Reclamation, which is in charge of Grand Coulee, built two grandstand vista houses, each offering views of the structure, along with talks on it over a public address system.

As people listen, they can see a waterfall twice as high as Niagara going over a dam a third of a mile long and weighing 22,000,000 tons. Even the men who dreamed it up are astonished at it.

Swamp Buggies in the Everglades

story and photographs by Verne O. Williams

THE EVERGLADES have had a poor reputation with travelers ever since 1539. In that year, Hernando De Soto saw them and described them as "mysterious and impenetrable," and most people, seeing the still and dangerous-looking waters, the alligators, the snakes, and the birds of wild plumage, have accepted De Soto's description as good advice. And those who didn't often died of exhaustion or snakebite. The Glades were left largely to the native Seminole Indians, who poled dugout canoes through narrow channels in the cypress swamps.

Today the Everglades are being opened to travelers with a taste for the bizarre by odd-looking vehicles that lumber along leaving a trail of exhaust smoke. These are the swamp buggies of the "Glades cats," a group of amateur explorers who make a hobby of building wheeled contraptions designed for the peculiar travel conditions of the "river of grassy water."

The motorist gets a fleeting impression of the immensity of the Everglades when he drives on the Tamiami Trail, which spans lower Florida. He may see an alligator and other denizens of the swamp, but the real mystery of this tropical wilderness is unlocked by the hardy "Glades cats" who pack extra gas and stay out for a week at a time.

A swamp buggy can wade across marshes several feet deep in water, force its way through dense growth, and clamber over logs and rock outcrops without breaking down. If it can't do all this it hasn't a chance in the Glades.

The usual prescription for a swamp buggy includes a Model A Ford frame, which is braced strongly enough to take a severe wracking and yet is light enough not to sink in a bottomless marl, a front-wheel drive and extra transmission,

*Above right: The "Glades cats" gather for a swamp buggy trip.
Below right: The Big Cypress Swamp is home for game animals.*



Swamp buggies can "wade" across marshes several feet in water→

a Model A engine, balloon-like airplane tires, and plenty of patience and ingenuity. Nolan "Slim" Poppenhager, Glades veteran and garage mechanic, estimates he spent 750 actual hours on his latest buggy, a tandem-drive ten-wheeler.

During hunting season the buggies carry their owners deep into the Big Cypress Swamp, which adjoins the Everglades and is commonly considered part of them. The dense cypress sloughs, ancestral hunting grounds of the Seminoles, hold deer and wild turkey for those who can penetrate them. The Seminoles, by the way, are no longer there. They live on reservations where they raise cattle, or in villages along the Tamiami Trail where they sell curios and froglegs.

The buggies have proved useful for other purposes besides hunting. Once Slim Poppenhager carried an archeologist to the Green Corn Dance mound, site of Seminole ceremonial gatherings, to discover the origin of this and other mounds. Buried under rusty parts of sewing machines and iron pots discarded by the Seminoles when they left perhaps two decades ago, were the shards of baked earthenware of a type used by the Caloosa tribes when they were here before the Spanish came. The mounds were found to be built partly of shells of salt water oysters.

Swamp buggies have also been valuable as transportation for soil conservation surveyors who are trying to determine the value of the Glades for farming. In their travels, the buggy drivers have found that a threat hangs over this primeval land. Water control and drainage projects have increased the droughts of the winter dry season by removing some of the lifeblood of the Glades, the overflow water from Okeechobee. Fire sometimes rages through the sawgrass.

Accordingly, the "Glades cats" have organized an Everglades Conservation Club to fight fire, prevent poaching on alligators, which dig water holes that are useful as fire preventives, and otherwise aid wildlife.

Last season, Slim Poppenhager was cooperating with a park crew fighting a fire when a plane, which was directing the battle, crashed in wild country. Slim reached the wreck with his buggy and transported two injured men over twenty-seven miles of the worst Glades terrain in just three hours. ■

Thatched huts were built by Seminoles on old ceremonial ground→



We Can Have Better Roads

by Franklin M. Reck

ON PLATS and charts and in the backs of their minds our highway engineers have a dream. They visualize, laid down over the map of the United States, a network of roads that will smoothly and efficiently speed the flow of the nation's automobile and truck travel.

They see wide and safe main highways with ample shoulders and fewer grade crossings, smooth all-weather farm-to-market roads, and expressways to speed travel from city to suburb to factory. They see wider bridges, curves without surprises, and attractive landscaping of our rural thoroughfares. A network, in short, that will get us there faster and with fewer accidents.

The dream is a practical one, based on experience, and by gradual stages over the past twenty years we have been bringing it closer to reality. Our success in building highways to keep pace with the growing needs of the car-traveling public has been an all-important factor in achieving the high-level economy we now enjoy. But lately, through a combination of circumstances, there has been a lag in the highway program. The money we're putting into our roads and streets today is just about sixty per cent of that needed to assure the public that tomor-

row's highways will meet the needs of tomorrow's cars. This is a matter of high interest to a nation that depends on personal transportation for livelihood, recreation, and the everyday business of bringing up the kids.

The speed with which we have integrated automobiling into every phase of our lives has fooled prophets from the beginning. An early seer once stated that this country could never afford more than ten million cars. That was the saturation point. Later experts revised this figure to twenty, then thirty million. When World War II ended, a more thoughtful statistician said that by 1960 this country would have forty-four million cars and trucks. The automobile industry and the American people made this estimate look silly by acquiring five million more cars and trucks by 1950 *than were predicted for 1960!*

Personal transportation is the distinguishing mark of American civilization. It's what makes us different. And our car use is anything but frivolous. Two-thirds of all the trips we take in our automobiles are for such necessary purposes as going to work, delivering, shopping, seeing the dentist and taking the kids to school. During the war a survey of some 749 war plants showed that 75 per cent of

the workers reached their jobs by car. Without cars to get us there, all American activity would fall apart. We're so dependent on cars in this country that 50,000 of our communities have no railroad station.

THE nerve system over which all this activity pulses consists of three million miles of public highway, half of which are surfaced. You can pick out of this vast network a system of 700,000 miles—less than a quarter of our roads—that bears 84 per cent of all the traffic. You can then select some 38,000 miles that connect our chief centers of population and bear the most concentrated load of traffic. This is called our interstate system. If all the cars in the United States were to be driven out on the interstate system at one time, they would completely fill it, four abreast. Here's a traffic jam extending once and a half around the world at the equator.

The engineers who study these facts know that we must lift our sights if our highway program is to keep pace with our needs. They see nothing impossible about the situation. They believe that if the public knows the facts the solution will be forthcoming.

As exhibit number one, they point to the deficiencies in the interstate system:

Of the 38,000 miles, 9,000 are so narrow as to be dangerous, 7,000 are so twisty it isn't safe to pass, on 2,000 miles the grade is so

steep that passenger cars must crawl behind trucks. On fully half the system the shoulders are so narrow it isn't safe to pull off and park in case of tire or engine trouble. Out of 10,050 bridges, 8,000 are too narrow or too weak, or both. None of these faults actually stops traffic. They just slow us up and increase the accident rate. These same faults are more or less true of all the 700,000 miles that bear the brunt of the rubber-tired attack. Detailed studies of eleven states, conducted by the Automotive Safety Foundation, show that every single state is presently falling behind in the job of correcting these deficiencies.

How did we get into this fix, anyhow?

In the first place, we surfaced most of our highways in the 1920's, at a time when we couldn't foresee the types of roads that would be required by the high-performance cars of the 1950's.

"In those days," says one of our foremost highway engineers, "we were thinking of 35-mile-an-hour curves and sixteen-foot pavements. We built many bridges sixteen feet wide. We're living with much of that mileage today, and it isn't comfortable when we slide by a truck eight feet wide on a sixteen-foot pavement."

We did a fair job of modernizing and relocating these obsolete highways during the 1930's, depression and all. Costs were low and the millions went far. In 1941,

we speeded up our program, spending \$2.1 billions to put the network in shape for war.

Then the war closed down and with it came an abrupt end to all normal highway modernization and expansion. Highway contractors went into the business of laying air strips. Much road-building equipment was diverted to the Pacific theatre. City streets and rural roads became bumpy and bumpy.

We found out for certain during the war that roads wear out. Unlike old soldiers, they die. As a rule of thumb, you can assume that high-type roads (concrete and the like on an adequate base) live from twenty-five to thirty years, intermediate types (say, bituminous) fifteen to seventeen years, and low types (gravel) ten to twelve. In that time you either replace the roads or spend the equivalent in maintenance. So we know the rate at which we'll have to replace roads, just to stay even. We know, for example, that by 1959, two-thirds of that interstate system of 38,000 miles will have to be replaced.

Our engineers may have hoped for a few quiet years after the war during which to put the highway system in shape, but there were inevitable snags. For one thing, they had a hard time finding contractors to take the jobs that were offered. The war had dissipated many of these firms and it was several years before they were back in business.

Then the pressure of travel leaped upward faster than anyone could have guessed. It *had* to go up to keep pace with the increasing tempo of the nation's industrial machine. Our 50,000,000 cars and trucks are traveling more billions of vehicle miles than ever before in history, and the totals continue to climb year by year.

So our states increased their highway appropriations to match the increase in travel. Unfortunately, rising costs began eating up the larger budgets. For example, in 1949, we spent \$3.4 billions on our urban and rural highways as compared to \$2.1 billions in 1941. But in terms of the 1941 construction dollar our 1949 expenditure was only \$1.8 billions, or *less* than in 1941. Each year, from 1949 on, we've been appropriating more money and getting a little less for it than in 1941. We're doing a good job with what we have. But we need to do more.

THE situation in our cities matches that in the open country. The automobile created that loose and pleasant segment of the American scene known as the suburb. These constellations of home communities surrounding our big cities have grown faster than any other part of our population. People have got into the habit of living in suburbs and driving five, ten, twenty miles to work and to shop.

But the task of moving through our swollen metropolitan centers

over our antiquated gridiron system of horse-and-buggy streets is one that tests the spirit and vocabulary of man.

Take the rainstorm that occurred one afternoon in Detroit. It was a heavy storm but not a catastrophe, yet it caused a chain of events that would have been comic, if it hadn't been so significant. As the heavens opened, men called their wives to drive down and get them. Other men called fellow office workers to share rides. The torrents increased and traffic cops ran for shelter. The intersections got jammed, horns blew, the symphony of bumper-banging rose to a crescendo, and men were hours late getting home. It takes something like a simple rainstorm to show what is happening in our cities. Upset the norm ever so slightly, and *snarl* goes the traffic.

Our engineers know the answer to the puzzle. Our cities need expressways to speed folks from the central city out to the suburbs. They also need more parking space in the concentrated shopping areas. The shortage of parking spaces in American cities has been estimated at 450,000. Even in smaller cities the parking problem is acute. Each day in Albuquerque some 25,000 cars come downtown to fill and refill and hunt for and fail to find one of the 4500 spaces available.

ALL these deficiencies in our rural and urban road system can be corrected in about fifteen

years at an annual expenditure of something like \$5.7 billions—if prices rise no higher than they were in 1950.

Raising the difference between \$3.4 billions and \$5.7 billions should not be an insoluble problem for this country. The public will be surprised to learn that we are spending less money on our highways today—as a per cent of our total national income—than we did in the 1930's. Before the war there were years when three per cent of our national income went for roads. Seldom did the sum drop below two. Today, with the lag of the war years to make up, with construction costs about double those of the 1930's, and with the family car filling an increasingly important place in the national economy, we're spending only one and one-half per cent.

The most common source of revenue for highways, of course, is the gasoline tax. Therefore it is important to discover the real facts about fuel costs. The most interesting fact to come to light is that we spent proportionately less for car fuel in 1950 than we did in 1940.

During that period, the average retail price of gasoline including the taxes went up from 18.4 cents per gallon to 27.1 cents. This is an increase of 47.3 per cent. The average gasoline tax, however, only went up 12.7 per cent. Yet, during that same ten-year period, national income went up over 150 per cent! Those figures are a

measure of how we have failed to let our highway departments get their fair share of our rising income. Under the circumstances it's a miracle that our road builders have done as well as they have.

Is the public willing to pay for better roads? A clue to public attitude may be gained from the popularity of the Pennsylvania Turnpike. People who pay the turnpike toll are voluntarily paying an added tax of 14 cents per gallon over and above the tax they're already paying. If they are willing to spend this amount for a limited cruise on a good highway, it seems that they would be willing to accept a moderate increase in those states where taxing authorities have failed to act, if this increase would assure better roads generally.

The public can have one satisfaction in putting money, as taxpayers, into good roads: they'll be getting their money's worth. The Bureau of Public Roads, under Thomas H. MacDonald, is an outstanding example of efficiency in public service, and the same atmosphere prevails generally in state highway departments.

We can also make a bow in the direction of the tax collectors of the vast bulk of road finances—the local filling station. The oil companies have collected the fuel tax as a part of their regular day's work, without expense to the government. It is one of our best examples of an economically col-

lected use tax, taken in pennies from the people who, generally speaking, get the benefits of our roads in proportion to their use of those benefits.

Some oil companies are naturally fearful that they will be blamed for increases in the cost of gas, should taxes be raised. Nothing could be more unfair to the oil companies or more destructive of the whole good roads program than such an attitude on the part of the public.

There are other sources of increased revenue that may be explored. A part can be obtained by plugging the leaks through which a certain amount of automobile tax revenue is diverted by the various states to other expenses of government. This amount has been estimated at anywhere from \$100 million to \$200 million a year, depending on the bookkeeping employed. That there is a substantial leak is not questioned.

Still a third source is Federal aid. The Federal Government shares the cost of certain designated highways with the states, dollar for dollar. Since the war, this aid has amounted to somewhat under a half billion a year, about the same as it was just before the war. Since highway construction costs have been doubled during that time, Federal aid might well be raised to keep pace with costs.

MORE money, however, isn't the only corrective to the

traffic jam. We can do much better with the money we now have.

One way to get more for our dollars is to simplify highway administration. Too many separate governing bodies are responsible for roads. In a single county, road responsibility may be divided among the villages, townships, county and state with little cooperation among them. Few townships or villages can afford either engineers or adequate equipment. In Detroit some fifteen city agencies share responsibility for roads and streets and there is no clear-cut central body to make decisions and get things moving. Fewer and larger governing bodies will speed the work and improve planning.

Improved planning will in turn help us to spend the money where it is needed. Much of the highway mileage in this country carries so little traffic that public responsibility for the mileage can hardly be justified. Thus a survey of four states revealed 97,000 miles of non-essential road. In Kansas there is a highway, or at least a public right-of-way, on every section line. One Colorado county decided to do some central planning and in the course of a survey discovered that it could scrap 278.7 miles of highway. In all, probably 600,000 miles of our nation's highways could be abandoned in the public interest. On the rest of the system our highway dollars should be concentrated on the roads of greatest usage.

More revenue, a better use of

it, a simplifying of laws and administrative bodies, a stricter regulation of overloaded vehicles—these are some of the measures that must be taken if our highway system is to keep pace with the desires of the American people.

OUR desires are plain enough. Recently, when Houston opened up the first section of its Gulf Freeway to Galveston, the cars flocked to it, first at the rate of 28,000 a day, then up to 51,000 and higher. These cars go in and out of the city on a six-lane expressway without grade crossings. Speeds are greater and accidents fewer. The ease of going downtown to shop and the fun of traveling out to sample the open country are something to enjoy.

So it is wherever a highway is improved. The cars take to it, congestion on parallel routes is relieved, accidents decrease, repair bills are fewer, and all the car-borne tasks of going to work, shopping, seeing the dentist, and just goin' fishin' are facilitated. But an improved highway does more than ease present traffic. It creates new traffic that never existed before, and this new traffic is a measure of the wants of the people—wants that are frustrated where roads are inadequate.

Bringing about the happy day when we can use our rural and urban roads with relative comfort and ease is one of the challenging tasks facing the country during the next fifteen years. ■



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Louisburg Square

photograph by Hal Neilson

IF BEACON HILL is an oasis of hush within the clangor and jam of Boston, Louisburg Square (above) is an oasis within the Hill that refines the hush to the *n*th degree. Whether you see this pleasant rectangle in summer when its trees are leafed out or in the bareness of December, its air of quietness and peace is remarkable. Visitors tend to talk in low tones, birds are the Square's noisiest residents, and no car would dare backfire in it.

The twenty-two proprietors of the homes in Louisburg Square are Proper Bostonians of the properest sort. They own the Square outright and hold an annual meeting for the purpose of taxing themselves for upkeep of the property and the street. Thus, although they are citizens of Boston, the residents do not deal with the city in matters of property taxes.

There used to be a time when the residents had open house during the Christmas season, with caroling and bell-ringing, and all persons who came to the door were friends, or friends of friends, and were admitted. But Boston isn't what it used to be, and the celebrators got to be so numerous that the custom had to be abandoned.

It is still possible for residents to gain admittance to one of these sacrosanct domains, however. Each November some of Boston's proudest dwellings are opened to the public for the benefit of the Boston League of Women Voters at \$1.50 a person. There is always a great demand for tickets, and people interested in seeing the really splendid, opulent setting in which a portion of Boston's true aristocracy lives should get admissions well in advance.

Louisburg Square still carries on some of its old customs. During the holiday season there is carol singing, with choirs made up of members of the more socially correct singing groups of Boston. And of course the lovely brick of those buildings always looks even more lovely when prettied up by Christmas lights.

Boston society is said to bow toward England in its customs, its rigid rules of conduct, its political opinions, and its architecture. Louisburg Square tends to prove the architectural part, at least. Not even in London, with the possible exception of Mayfair, is there anything that looks so elegantly British. The drawing room in the house at No. 20, for example, is so authoritatively English that Hollywood used it once in filming Becky Sharp's wedding in *Vanity Fair*.

A walk around Beacon Hill in search of lavender glass, Georgian fronts and the homes of the Adamses, Julia Ward Howe and John Singer Sargent, should include a view of Louisburg Square. It has had its share of Eliots and Lowells and Cabots and the other names that have made history in Boston. It has also had people of artistic fame. William Dean Howells, the novelist, lived there, and so did Minnie Maddern Fiske, the actress. The house with the columned doorway at the extreme left of the picture was once the home of Louisa May Alcott.



Beaver Business

by O. A. Fitzgerald

paintings by Charles Culver

AS ANY Boy Scout will tell you, the world's first dam builder is a shining example of industry, application and good conduct.

The beaver is eager. But he's also modest, patient, persistent, frugal and a dependable provider for his family. He doesn't pick fights with other wildlife. Nearest approach to frivolity, or maybe it's

just vanity, is a meticulous daily grooming of his very valuable coat.

Only man and his machines can face-lift a stream faster than the fur-coated engineer with the built-in diving suit. Whether he gets cussed or complimented for it depends upon where he does that face-lifting.

For free, some western irriga-

tion farmers get generous bonuses every summer from beaver ponds high up in the mountains. They tend to maintain stream flow during the dry months. The bigger those ponds the happier the farmers downstream.

"Every one's worth a thousand dollars," remarked one farmer, pointing out the dams on the creek bringing water to his fields. Some mountain ponds have a mile of shore line and contain many millions of gallons of water.

On the other hand, plugged ditches, flooded fields, washed-out roads, and trees across phone lines are some of the results of beaver eagerness close to civilization. In some logging districts bridge piling has to be coated with tin as a protection against beaver choppers.

Try discouraging a "nuisance beaver" and you'll learn the real meaning of perseverance. Tearing holes in his dam, even dynamiting it, are but routine annoyances. One rancher hung out a lantern to annoy the night shift. It was chucked into the dam along with everything else the beaver could float or drag. Water wheels and ladders have been chopped up and used in dams. A beaver never admits defeat. So he gets carted off to some lonely meadow where his swimming pool will not bother anyone.

This policy of resettling nuisance beavers is building up the population. Centuries of ruthless trapping have reduced our one-

time hordes of nearly half a billion to pitiful thousands. Thanks to wise game management, you now can see beaver workings on streams where there haven't been any since Indian days.

Skilled builder though he is, no beaver is quite as good as some people say. He hasn't, for instance, licked the law of gravity. Trees fall as they lean, not always toward the stream. Neither does a beaver use his tail as a trowel to plaster mud on the dam. It's a chair when he chops, a rudder when he swims, and a slapper when he signals danger.

Locating a leak in his precious dam is a beaver specialty. There he has the super-sensitivity of a Geiger counter. When trappers learned this they created leaks and set their traps by them. Beavers soon were dragging pieces of brush across those traps before repairing the leaks.

Out of water, a beaver's clumsy gallop makes him easy prey for meat-hungry predators. Back in water he's a speed demon. Ear and nose valves close automatically as he splashes. His duck-like hind feet, plus his oxygen, give him an underwater cruising range of at least half a mile.

A beaver's choppers are so formidable the Indians mounted them on handles for cutting tools. With short, powerful strokes, a beaver can chop down a tree in about the time it would take a man using a dull axe.

Around a ton of limbs goes into

the underwater winter food cache for each adult. Aspen and poplar are favorites. Alder, maple, lodge-pole pine come next. A beaver will eat cedar and the firs, but he thinks they're spinach.

Because it isn't easy to spy on an individual relaxing in the seclusion of a moated castle, little is known about beaver romancing. We do know the beaver is an exemplary family individual with great pride in his home. A colony generally contains individuals of all ages. When a new batch comes along it's a signal for the oldest children to move out, mate and

start dams, homes, and wood piles on their own.

One honeymooning couple chopped more than a hundred trees, built a dam three feet high and several hundred feet long their first season of homemaking. Inside their new swimming hole, about an acre in size, they built an underwater castle with a 450-cubic foot living room.

So long as there are beaver in that pond work will be done every day. Much of it will not be necessary, but after all when a fellow has a beaver's reputation to uphold he just can't take time out to loaf. ■





It Rains Every Day at the Rouge

THE Fordor shown above is going through one of the many tests run by Ford's Quality Control Department before cars are sent to dealers' showrooms. In this booth the test cars are placed under strong jets of water with a total flow of forty gallons per minute. Twenty-three nozzles are arranged so that all joints, windows, the hood, and trunk lid are subjected to strong streams. Six of the nozzles are set in the floor to spray upward on vital points under the car. Cars undergoing the test stay under this high speed bath for an average of ten minutes, and are then driven off for examination by Quality Control inspectors. The inspectors quickly trace any puddle of water to its source, chart the leak, and notify the manufacturing supervisor concerned. The leak is immediately corrected and subsequent cars are sent to the spray booth for a double check to make certain the remedy was effective. Identical test booths are being set up at all of Ford's sixteen branch assembly plants so that this control on quality can be extended to all parts of the country. ■



Sand Roads to Solitude

story and paintings by André Smith

(An artist's appraisal of Florida's byways)

MY FIRST visits by car to our southernmost, or Peninsula, state might be described as "flight through Florida." I saw the Gold Coast, and the Gulf Coast along the broad highways punctuated with runs of billboards, fruit stands, motels and an occasional whatnot shop featuring pelicans on wire legs, ducks toddling in a standstill row, and other gadgets of the souvenir circuit.

But this is not the Florida I have come to know—or even a small part of it. Some day, as you are driving for the second or third time over one of the big, fast highways, you will notice that you are passing one side road after another. These roads, which appear to be mostly sandy byways, lead to a different Florida.

Who lives along them? Where do they go? Why is it fun to follow them to sunsets and solitude? Slow down, and sample the sand roads.

I first sampled them as an artist escaping the hurly-burly of resorts. My first discovery was that there are actually beaches without a soul in sight. It meant driving the sand road, the single-tracker, through salt meadow, and jungle of cabbage palm. It was worth it! Because at the end of the road the ocean is yours, and you can climb into your bathing trunks without benefit of bath house.

But this, I knew, was only the water's edge of Florida. For more varied subject matter for my painting, I must try the byways I had previously ignored, and which lead, more often

Above left: A byway leading to a lake.

Below left: The villa of the white mule.



← *Main street in a Negro settlement.*

than not, to inland lakes.

By this time, Florida water had become a habit with me. I had chosen the center of the state, the inland lake country, in which to settle and build my studio. This was in the little town of Maitland, with grown-up cities such as Orlando within easy reach. The buzzing highway—U. S. 17—cut through the rustic edge of our little town without even seeing us. I built my studio in an orange grove, and I bought the land for the sunset.

Here I had easy access to countless sand roads I never would have seen otherwise. Along these roads I found my pictures. I found genuine Florida crackers who had lived here all their lives. I found Negro families living in houses weathered gray, but with clotheslines offering rainbow color contrasts. There are always tin cans with flowering plants growing in them, balancing precariously on porch railings. There are swarms of children, dogs, pets. Add an occasional mule, and you have all the material you need in order to paint side road pictures, or merely to enjoy the sand road country.

If some of the houses seem to be leaning from a kind of painless neglect, there is true creative interest in the upkeep of churches. One church which offered me an interesting subject had lost its steeple in a hurricane. This was replaced with a new structure. Since then, with the advent of concrete blocks, I watched what is probably the most unusual alteration I have ever seen. An entire new church was built around the old one, containing it, and when the outer one was completed, the old wooden church was taken down or apart, and, bit by bit, carried out the front door of the new one!

On byways you watch the orange pickers at work. They swarm into the groves with their ladders and trucks and soon the trees are alive with them. As they move from tree to tree, wearing their colorful sweaters, filling their canvas bags with oranges, they present a picture to warm an artist's heart—or a traveler's. And on the byways the people at home, at rest, living. And for simple loveliness and tranquility you have the sand roads to solitude of huge live oaks and stately pine, with always the silver gray veils of Spanish moss giving motion to the moonlight. These roads lead to the Florida I know. Slow down, and choose one. ■

← *Roadside house in orange country.*



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Christmas in a Warm Climate

photographs by Josef Muench

THERE is no reason to suppose that Christmas is a bleak holiday in those parts of the U. S. where snow falls rarely or never. Sometimes New England, with its ground all white and its fireplaces ablaze, pities the South for its un-Christmasy look, but the fact is that in many warm-winter parts of the country, in Southern California, for example, the holidays are replete with the sound and sight of revelry—possibly made even gayer by the celebrators because they don't have the snow to help in establishing the traditional appearance of the season.

Snow or no snow, you can't get city streets to look any gayer than Candy Cane Lane in Altadena, shown in the upper picture on the opposite page, or Hollywood Boulevard, in the lower. Hollywood, as visitors know, is as brightly lit as a Christmas tree every night of the year, and for the city to go itself one better takes some doing.

The only element of unreality in these scenes is the effect achieved by the photographer in opening his lens and taking time exposures. Because of this, the lights of cars appear to be drawn along the pictures in ribbons of light, which adds to the rather riotous color.

Altadena, which is part of Pasadena, gets a high-g geared holiday spirit from the thousands of visitors who come for the New Year's Day Tournament of Roses. What started as a village festival in 1890 is now a colossal parade with floats representing every important city in California. It is not uncommon for a single float to bear as many as 300,000 fresh flowers.

A rip-snorting chariot race used to be the main event of the Tournament, but it got so out of hand that the officials replaced it with the Rose Bowl football game.

Neither in Altadena nor in Hollywood are the snow and the sleigh bells badly missed. ■



Many thousands of visitors come to the St. Bernard College campus

Little Jerusalem

by Warren T. Musgrove

paintings by John A. King

IF SPACE and time contrive to keep you from seeing the Biblical Land of Canaan, you can at least visit, in northern Alabama, a reverent replica. One mile off U. S. Highway 31, at Cullman, stands "Little Jerusalem"—the Promised Land in concrete miniature.

There, on a sloping, piney hillside within the campus of



every year to see the Ave Maria Grotto and "Little Jerusalem."

St. Bernard College, you can stroll through the Promised Land in a quietness unbroken except for the lowing of a sleek Guernsey cow on the college farm nearby. Around a bend on a winding stone trail you may come upon a small, overalled man trimming a shrub near Noah's Ark, or clipping the grass around the Rock of Ages.

He will answer your questions about the miniatures and may even add that "an old brother here at the monastery made them in his spare time from his regular work at the college power plant." But unless someone else tells you, you'll never know that this humble gardener is Brother Joseph, the creator of the hundreds of miniatures surrounding you.

He was a penniless fourteen-year-old Bavarian lad when he came to this country in 1892 and enrolled in the first St. Bernard class. Five years later, in the monastery as Brother

Joseph, he was spending his spare time experimenting with miniatures made of concrete. His first efforts, reproductions of buildings in the Holy Land, were placed on the Brothers' recreation grounds and became known as "Little Jerusalem." Later they were transferred to a four-acre hillside plot on the campus. Now, with hundreds of other creations by Brother Joseph, they are seen by more than 500,000 visitors every year.

A ten-cent entrance fee admits you to a meandering stone path bordered with roses. Then a sharp twist to the right brings you face to face with Bethlehem, a rectangle of native stone enclosing thirty-five statues which portray the birth of Christ. Ahead of you looms Trausnitz ("trust not"), a miniature of the seven-hundred-year-old Bavarian castle of that name where, as a child, Brother Joseph begged bread for himself and his eleven brothers and sisters.

Maybe that's why he felt impelled to reproduce Trausnitz in this new setting—or perhaps it was the memory of the folk tales told in his village about the rich baron who promised to protect the people of the surrounding countryside in time of war if they would help him build his castle. They built it, but when war came the baron went inside the barred gate, leaving the people to the enemy.

In the center of the garden stands the huge Ave Maria Grotto. A stonemason constructed it, and then Brother Joseph cemented stalactites to the ceiling, and ornamented the nine-foot altar with mosaics. Above the altar are three statues, including the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus.

Facing the grotto are the Palestinian Miniatures, a group of twenty-six buildings, five tombs, and many other Holy Land replicas. Farther on you'll find the "Little Jerusalem" group, the Roman Miniatures, Noah directing his animals into the Ark, the Tower of Babel, and the Hanging Gardens.

You walk back slowly, between banks of rambling roses, and as you climb into your car and turn toward the highway, the enchantment of "Little Jerusalem" remains. Sharpest in your mind is the figure of Brother Joseph, standing before his marble slab, earnestly studying a sketch of his newest project, with his materials assembled nearby—cement, sand, and a mass of beads and other trinkets sent by friends from all over the world. ■

Noah directing animals into the Ark→



Steelhead on Line and Lens

by Jackson Rivers

photograph by Carl Steph

THE pipe-smoking, felt-hatted experts on fresh water sport fishing argue long over the relative merits of the steelhead trout and the Atlantic salmon as fighters. Some assert that the bright salmon of our eastern rivers wins on aerial acrobatics. Against this, the boys from the Pacific slope rivers offer the long, powerful runs and staying power of *salmo gairdnerii*. They say that the angler who has lost an hour-long battle with a heavy *gairdnerii* suffers a "steelheadache."

No steelheadache resulted from the episode shown in the photograph on the opposite page. The picture is in fact a kind of double success story—a collaboration between Arvi ("Shorty") Kouvo, steelhead fisherman, and Carl Steph, who took the unusual color shot of the eight and one-quarter pound steelhead on the first leap after it was hooked by Shorty, who is standing in the boat in the background.

The steelhead in the picture is, or was, a resident of the Kalama River, Washington. Shorty Kouvo and Carl Steph are both residents of Woodland, Washington. Fish, fisherman and photographer got together in exactly the right position at exactly the right time in perfect lighting one day last April.

It didn't just happen. Before this fishing-photographing expedition, there had been many others over a period of years. Shorty hooked this steelhead on the Kalama on the fourth day of an otherwise no-luck trip. Carl had set up his camera on the opposite bank, using an 8½-inch commercial Ektar on his 4x5 Speed Graphic, lens set at 1/100 of a second at f6.3. After an hour's wait, Shorty Kouvo hooked the steelhead, and Carl Steph snapped the shutter. The result is one for the books of photographers and steelhead fishermen. ■



Skiing around New York

story and paintings by Stephen Baker

THE notion that New Yorkers, to a man, spend their winter week ends walking in Times Square, standing at cocktail parties, or sitting in night clubs, is false. Just scratch one of them and more than likely you'll find a country boy, or girl, whose heart is in the highlands—especially when the snow is right.

If this weren't true, would the New York newspapers print reports on snow conditions from November through March? Would one of the city's biggest department stores, Macy's, hire a lot of personable clerks to stand beneath a brilliantly-lit ski map and answer questions on where the skiing is best? Would Grand Central Station bend over backwards to provide information twenty-four hours a day during the season?

New Yorkers are skiers, all right. Of the four hundred or so registered ski clubs in the U. S., forty-five have their headquarters right in Manhattan. And the retail business in skis, waxes, and the proper clothes is enormous.

There is the celebrated case of the big blizzard of December, 1947, when the snow fell two and a half feet deep in the city streets and brought commerce practically to a halt. The event precipitated a civic holiday, part of which was a rash of skiing parties. People by the hundreds went skiing up Fifth Avenue and Broadway, thumbing their noses at the stalled busses and cars. Nobody had suspected before that there were so many pairs of skis stowed in apartment closets.

Above right: For the novice, even the bumps of Central Park are a thrill. Below right: Bear Mountain, near the city, is an Alp to New York skiers.



New Yorkers don't wait for the once-in-a-blue-moon blizzard to do in-city skiing during the middle of the week, however. There is a bit of a knoll in Central Park that lends itself to practice of snowplows and stem turns when a few inches of snow are on it. A hill of that size wouldn't look like more than an ant hill in the country, but in the center of Manhattan, to the hordes of ski-hungry urbanites, it looks like a minor Alp, and after a light snowfall some of the people who work in the vicinity bring their skis to work and practice during lunch hour. And Van Cortlandt Park, at the north end of the city, is practically Manhattan's Sun Valley for those who can't leave town on a week end.

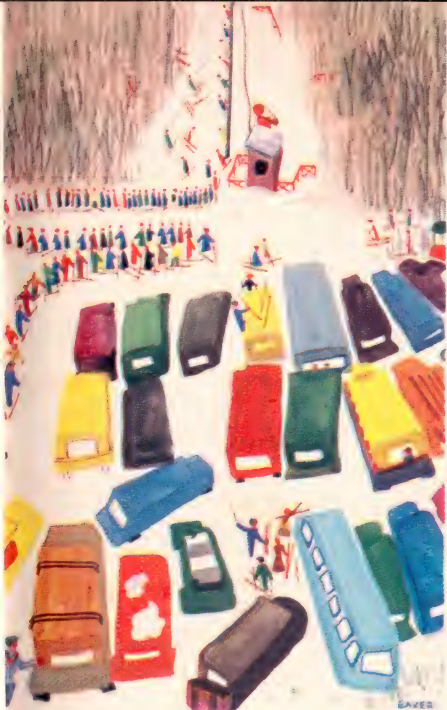
On the week end, of course, the Manhattan skiers really get down to business. You see them trying to maneuver their hickories in the subway at rush hour in order to get to Grand Central for the trains going north. Even in the weird hours of Saturday morning—at two, let us say—they will be at the terminal in their ski pants, sweaters and clumsy boots waiting to rattle off to upper New York or the New England states. And plenty of the north-bound automobiles on Fridays and Saturdays have several pairs of skis on the racks on top.

Skiers in the New York region probably have more choice of places to go than their co-enthusiasts anywhere else in the country. There are fifty skiing developments within a radius of 150 miles. New England has 275 towns and in northern New England there are 1500 miles of specially constructed ski trails.

These trails don't offer the kind of skiing you get in the Rockies, the long downhill runs on the open slopes. They demand a different sort of technique, conditioned by the narrow paths between trees and demanding sharp turns and fancy corkscrew twists. But on the other hand there are certain comforts more easily come by in the East, such as more fast lifts, J-bars, T-bars, a skimobile and aerial tramways.

There is also a wealth of fun at almost every turn—plenty of places along the trail to get something hot to drink, square dances, sleigh rides, and all manner of lodges where people can dry their mittens and socks and just sit around.

Naturally, there are many New Yorkers who think the week-end trek up-country is a bore, or foolishness, or both. But the skiers aren't on the defensive. They get back on Monday morning feeling like a million bucks and wait for Friday again. And every Friday there are more of them. ■



Left above: For every slope in the East there are thousands of skiers ready to tackle it. Right: Often during the Friday night turmoil in Times Square a car comes along with skis in roof racks.

Left below: A typical Eastern trail is tree-studded and demands expert maneuvering on sharp turns. This is Big Bromley, Vermont. Right: There are so many tows on Eastern trails that no one need climb.



My Favorite Town—

OJAI, CALIFORNIA

by Lael Tucker

paintings by Brice Mack

WE were looking for a temporary home town. We gave it that designation because, in the middle of a long trip, we had to find a town where we could spend six consecutive weeks writing. It had to be a very special kind of town—one to belong in—in a hurry.

We were rediscovering our own country after four years in Europe. Our own house was leased, our children in transition between languages and schools, our belongings scattered. So we started out to see our country again. Seventeen states and six thousand miles later, we were in Ojai, California.

Nobody told us about Ojai. We were still looking for that temporary home town. This day, we were merely on our way to relax in some hot sulphur springs up a small valley fifty miles north of Los Angeles. The narrow road from the Pacific Coast curled upward like lazy smoke. The gentle mountains on either side reminded us of the Pyrenees.

We came to a road sign that pointed to Ojai. We abandoned the hot sulphur springs idea simply because we liked the name Ojai (O-hi), and because we felt happy. Six weeks later we still did. We hated to leave.

Ojai's Main Street shops are sheltered in a long, homogeneous block under a continuous, graceful arcade. The post office has a Spanish bell tower, the park has picnic tables under the oaks and the best free tennis courts we ever saw.

The side streets are oak-shaded, and the Valley Outpost Motor Hotel is built on the edge of town under the mountains. Each housekeeping cabin is tree-shaded and private, and flowers bloom in each yard. The sun shines in a painter's blue sky. Nights are cool in the brown, hot summer, and the



The post office reflects the Spanish influence in Ojai.

winters are green and mild.

Ojai's citizens come from everywhere, believe all kinds of things, dress as they like, and like what they please, from classical music to bowling at the local all-night short order joint. All kinds of school children go to all kinds of schools. The whole population—old settlers, winter residents, and visitors—have two things in common. They came to Ojai because they wanted to, and are there because they love it.

After so long in Europe, where everyone does everything for you, I had to learn to keep house all over again. In Ojai, everybody helped me do things for myself. Bewildered by the impersonal superabundance of food in the big markets, I went down the street to Mr. Cox's family grocery. He helped me plan my menus and select the ingredients, while his chic, pretty wife told me how to cook what I bought. He also took me home in the store truck when I was walking, coaxed my daughter into drinking milk, and brought us orange crates for my son to convert into furniture. The Coxes came from Oklahoma.

The shaded golf course at the Ojai Inn and Country Club→

Since public laundering was rather an expensive business, Mrs. McNett, the manager of the motor hotel, loaned me her washing machine, taught me how to use it, and managed to do a big batch for me while showing me how. The McNetts are from Arkansas.

A lady from Maine initiated me into the art of making starch, and a neighbor from Louisiana said it was a pity not to darn good wool socks, and fixed up my husband's while she demonstrated.

My husband wanted to write his book unmolested, do some walking in the country, hear some music and get a sunburn. Ojai obliged on all counts. Unlike the rest of California, Ojai expects you to park your car now and then and take a walk for fun. It also understands a writer's preoccupied, anti-social behavior. And there were six weeks of bright, browning sun—and a music festival!



El Rancho Ojai was a grant of land, full of streams, bears, wildcats and coyotes, all of which have since diminished. It was the press that really discovered Ojai's dependable and lavish virtues. Charles Nordhoff, roving correspondent for the *New York Herald*, dropped up in

1872 and wrote so glowingly of climate and beauty that a lot of people named Dennison, Gray, Sinclair, Van Curen, Pirie, Montgomery, Munger, Waite, Todd, Pinkerton and Jones came out to visit and stayed to winter, founding a sunny, Spanish-style New England village in the western valley. In gratitude, they called it Nordhoff as well as Ojai for twenty-five years.

Its history is a fine mixture of New England and Wild West. A classical Latin scholar from Vermont named Buckman taught school in Ojai. One Colonel Wiggins opened the first hotel with a grand ball for three hundred and closed it again when his guests objected to being treated like company privates at New York prices. Four highly equipped professors, one a specialist in Oriental languages, opened a Seminary for Young Ladies, but no young ladies dared the valley. The

Native oaks were here long before the first settlers came→



Even a young town like Ojai has its past→

Thacher School for Boys, established in 1889, flourished, and later graduated author Thornton Wilder and Charles Nordhoff's grandson, Charles, the writer.

Ojai town was incorporated in 1921 and has grown since from a population 750 to 2,600. The constant sun, which is its blessing and its reason-to-be, has nearly destroyed it three times by making tinder of its surrounding forests.

But nothing has touched its spirit, its community spirit. Before you have been there a week, you find yourself partisan and citizen of Ojai. You speak of yourself in Ojai as "we." It's hard to define what makes it like that.

It's a town of schools, day schools, boarding schools, progressive schools and prep schools, public schools and two where children take care of their own horses.

It's a town of religions. Besides the usual denominations of an American community, there are Mormons, Missionary Baptists, and Four Squares. Mrs. Annie Besant tried producing the "new human type" in Ojai. Jeddue Krishnamurti made Ojai his retreat and many gentle people live there in order to listen to him.



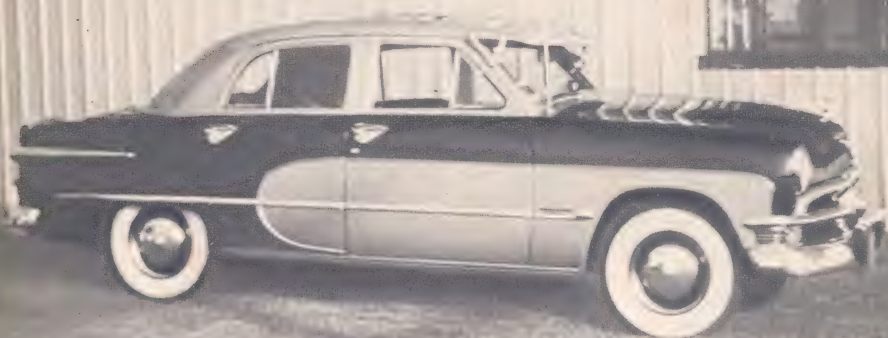
It's a town of the arts. It's not its artists and writers, its Beatrice Wood, the ceramist, Guy Ignon, the painter, its Chekhov players or its music festival, that make it so. It's everybody.

The millionaire's wife will stand next to the talented plumber at the art exhibition. The wintering lady from Maine partners the Mexican ranch worker at the dance. The man who grows acres of oranges for fun or the one who drives in from Ojai to tend a business in Los Angeles may keep score for the school kids at the bowling alley. Whatever squabbles there are, are personal. You're welcome. Not as Howdy Stranger, but as Hello Citizen. They only want to keep Ojai the way it is: a place where you'd rather cut off your finger than cut down an oak tree and where you can belong at once, and for as long as you like. ■

Autumn colors come early to the Valley→



CHESTER SCHOOL DISTRICT
VOCATIONAL ANNEX
VETERANS TRAINING PROGRAM



CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

by Burgess H. Scott

STUDENTS in the Veterans Training Program of the Chester, Pennsylvania, Public Schools converted the 1950 V-8 pictured above into one of the few four-door Crestliners to be seen anywhere. The work was done by members of the Auto Body & Metal class, and represents one of the most painstaking paint jobs we have heard of.

In preparing the car for painting, chrome trim was removed and all nicks and rust spots were thoroughly water-sanded and primed. The entire car was then water-sanded and a coat of clear sealer was sprayed on.

The Crestliner chrome trims were set parallel to the bottom trims and the top and side panels were sprayed with 1950 Mercury Maywood Green lacquer. Ford Hawthorne Green was used for the rest of the car. Seven coats of lacquer were applied, with a sanding between the third and fourth coats.

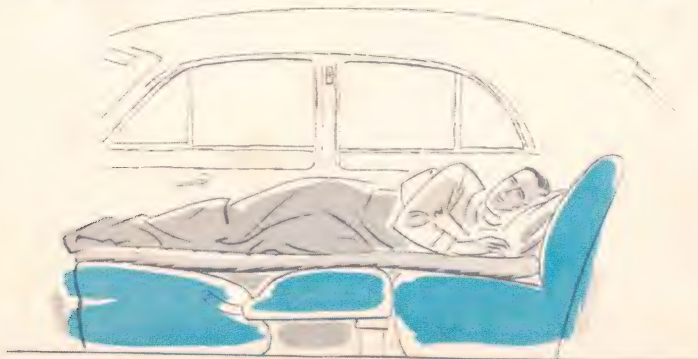


William H. Speakman, Jr., of the school staff, wrote, "The public's reaction to seeing this car has been tremendous and unbelievable. It draws a crowd wherever it is parked and people think it is something new by the Ford Motor Company."

* * *

Owners of Ford and Mercury Tudors in models between 1940 and 1951 may be interested in a car bed conversion by William W. Bloom, instructor at Valparaiso (Indiana) University. We have not tried the job, but Bloom assures that the alteration can be done with household and car tools in less than an hour and at a cost of less than \$1.

Briefly, the job consists of a new way of hinging the front seats so that the backs can be let down flush with the bottom of the back seat. The seat backs can be let down separately, to form either a single or double bed. The drawing and the photo inset give an idea of what the conversion is like, but complete details will have to be obtained from Bloom. His address is 1002 Oak Street. ■





The Fable of the Maguey

story and paintings by Dale Nichols

THE RUINS of Toltec civilization lie about thirty miles northeast of Mexico City, not very far off the road that leads down from the States. These ruins are crumbling among the cactus but still they retain their built-in magnificence.

The principal city is called Teotihuacan. It was built by people whose origin is still a mystery, who were not part of the main stream of our civilization, but who obviously—you have only to see the ruins to know this—had a grandeur not often given to the purely primitive.

No tents for these people, no huts, no caves. They lived well and they lived big. They were engineers, scientists, and artists, and their art is sought after by museums not for its quaintness but for its greatness. From the great buildings alone, which the traveler sees first when he goes there, it is plain that the Toltec walked with their shoulders thrown back. They had big ideas.

And yet they were laid low. Their star rose in the Central American sky partly because of the maguey (pronounced mag-way) cactus, and then set because of it. So, at least, goes the legend.

The ancient Aztecs, of whom the Toltec are a part, found that the maguey leaves could be shredded into fibers for rope, string, and thread, that its thorns could be used as needles for sewing, and that the heart of the plant could be baked for eating. Here, in a single package provided amply by nature, was an easily-grown crop that could provide basic needs for the growth of a civilization.

It did. The civilization grew to its height a thousand years



ago and Teotihuacan is a reminder of it. The city is a model of intelligent planning, with broad avenues laid in geometric pattern. It contains the Pyramid of the Sun, which is larger than the Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt; it has a lesser Pyramid of the Moon; it has a number of smaller pyramids, and it has the great Temple of Quetzacoatl. Archeologists, modern architects, historians, students of antiquities, and plain travelers look on all of it with admiration. Here, literally, are the halls of Montezuma.

Then, one day, without warning, while the people were worshipping the God of Flowers, the maguey turned on its masters. Thousands of people were grouped around the Pyramid of Flowers. They held toward it, according to ceremony, flower dolls dressed in purple and magenta orchid blossoms, white wax lily petals and the petals of many kinds of rose, all representing walks of life—a craftsman, a warrior, a farmer, a keeper of maguey. Flowers lined the stairways of the pyramid, and priests dressed in flowers and feathers gestured with gaudy, flowered wands.

And then, at the eastern edge of the city, near the Temple of Quetzacoatl, a giggling man appeared. He was drunk. He staggered to the edge of the crowd and offered the nearest person a drink from his gourd. The people shrank away from him in resentment. He staggered on toward the pyramid along a corridor of worshippers. He did not stop at the forbidden gateway at the foot of the pyramid but lurched on into the sacred precincts.

On the steps he offered a drink to a priest. The priest took the gourd and peered into it, as though accepting a gift from a child. He smelled it, and then sipped. That was the beginning. Soon the drinking of the liquid spread among the people. At first it was considered a novelty, but it induced a state of silliness and laughter and did wonders in alleviating worry.

The drink was fermented juice of the maguey, discovered by accident in the heart of a tree from which too many leaves had been stripped. The priests found it had a demoralizing effect on people. They forbade it and decreed increasingly harsh penalties, culminating in a decree that those found drunk should be beaten to death in the public arena. This fate befell many in Teotihuacan, but the drinking went on. No law could stop it.

Coincidentally the fire of Toltec greatness burned lower,

flickered, and went out. In triumph, the maguey grew up and choked the ruins.

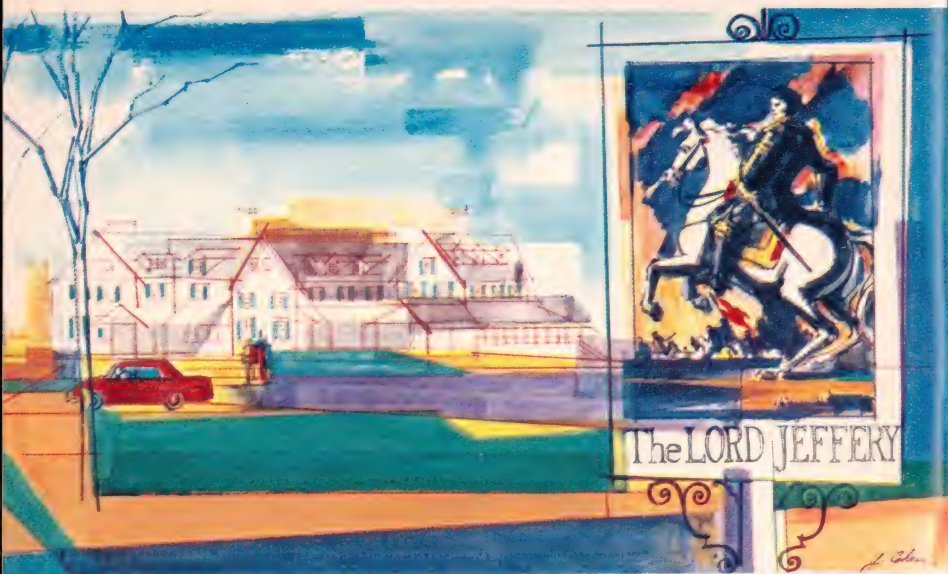
This is the legend of the Toltec. It may be true, and today people may draw a moral from it if they wish, though one is not intended. *Pulque*, the modern Spanish word for fermented juice of the maguey, has now become quite respectable. It occupies the talents of fine Mexican distilleries, is said to keep any number of Mexican hill-billies busy, and is an important industry.

Perhaps some of the present-day visitors to Teotihuacan, if they are impressed with these great ruins, as they can hardly fail to be, will want to take a sip, or at least a smell, of pulque. In the presence of the story itself, surrounded by the acres of cultivated maguey in which the ruins lie, among the women and children who now live in the area and sell authentic artifacts of Toltec manufacture, this sip, or smell, of the maguey, would provide a final, proper touch. ■





*"Whew! I don't know why we didn't think of this
when we bought the place last summer!"*



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

The Lord Jeffery, Massachusetts

Hard Sauce

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter
1 pound confectioners sugar
2 eggs
Vanilla or liquor

Cream butter and sugar then blend in eggs. Add enough vanilla or liquor to bring to desired consistency and flavor.

Foamy Sauce

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound confectioners sugar
1 egg, well beaten
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water
1 teaspoon flavoring

Cream butter and sugar then gradually add egg and hot water. Flavor.

Heat over hot water until thick. Serve hot.

Either of these favorite recipes would be perfect as a topping for holiday plum pudding or fruit cake slices. On the campus of Amherst College in Amherst, this inn is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner daily. Overnight accommodations.

←painting of The Lord Jeffery by George Cohen

←painting of The Silver Horn by Amy Jones

The Silver Horn, New York

Spiced Glazed Creamed Onions

2 or 3 onions per person
 $\frac{1}{8}$ pound butter
3 tablespoons sugar
Clove sticks
Salt and pepper, to taste
1 cup chicken broth
1 cup thin cream sauce
Parsley, chopped

Peel onions and soak in very cold water for one hour, drain, pour boiling water over them and cook until tender but not falling apart. Drain and brown in frying pan with melted butter. Remove onions to a baking dish and stick each one with two cloves and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pour broth over them and bake in a moderate oven until juice has boiled down. Just before serv-

ing pour cream sauce between the onions and garnish with parsley.

A year-round favorite is this unique eating place which is housed in a remodeled church. On U.S. 44 in Millbrook, it is open for lunch and dinner every day but Tuesday. On Sundays and holidays dinner is served from 1:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. Closed during the month of March.



Bruno's Little Italy, Arkansas

Veal Cutlet à la Parmigiana

1 pound baby veal (four slices)
8 ounces flour
1 cup cracker meal
1 egg
1 jigger cream
½ pound American or mozzarella cheese
2 cans Hunt's tomato sauce
1 shaker Kraft parmesan cheese, grated
Salt and pepper to taste

Roll veal slices in flour, then in a combination of beaten egg and cream before dredging in cracker meal. Fry in deep fat until brown and drain. Place in individual casseroles and cover with heated tomato sauce and grated cheese. Cut solid cheese in strips and make a Christmas tree design on top of each casserole. Sprinkle with parsley and

pimiento and bake in 450° oven for ten minutes.

Candlelight and red checkered tablecloths form a perfect setting for the authentic Italian food served at this Little Rock restaurant. At 3400 West Roosevelt Road, it is open from 11:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. daily except Tuesday. Closed during the first week after Labor Day.

←painting of Bruno's Little Italy by Thomas Marker

←painting of Swiss Village by Arnold Mesches

Swiss Village, Nevada

Plum Pudding

¾ cup hot milk
¾ cup flour, sifted
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon mace
1 pound currants
⅛ pound lemon peel, chopped fine
⅛ pound orange peel, chopped fine
¼ pound walnuts, chopped
¾ cup graham cracker crumbs
½ pound brown sugar
4 eggs, separated
½ cup cherry jelly or preserves
¼ cup apple juice
½ pound beef suet, chopped

Pour milk over cracker crumbs to soak. Sift flour and other dry ingredients except sugar together, add fruits and

nuts. Beat egg yolks and sugar until light and creamy, then add suet and crumb mixture to egg yolks. Fold in flour then blend in fruits, jelly and juice. Mix well and fold in beaten egg whites. Fill well-greased pudding mold and cover tightly. Steam for three and a half hours.

Howard and Pauline Gale own and manage this popular Las Vegas eating place at 116 North Fifth Street. Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day.



GAME SECTION

What Is It?

Everyone knows the banana and the fact that it abhors the refrigerator, but the rest of the tropical fruits are almost unknown in northern markets. Here are six popular varieties, the breadfruit, guava, akee, papaya, gineps and star apple. See how many you can identify before turning to the answers and descriptions on page 63.

photographs by Frank Lossing



Where Is It?

Name or tradition and sometimes both have combined to make the towns described below Christmas communities. Try them on the travel experts during family gatherings over the holiday season. Answers on opposite page.



1 Children's Town

Village platted in 1849 . . . present name submitted during the Yule season and the name stuck . . . at Christmas time the post office here is swamped with mail which will bear the town's timely postmark . . . on the highest hill in town is a park dedicated to "the children of the world" . . . a toy village is a popular attraction with young tourists . . . on State Highways 162 and 245 . . . between Gentryville and St. Meinrad.



2 Once a Fort

Hughlette Wheeler, the "cowboy sculptor" was born here and

worked as a cowhand on a nearby ranch . . . during the holiday season more mail is stamped in one day than in the other eleven months . . . originally a fort established in 1835 as a protection against the Indians . . . on State Highway 50 . . . not far from the St. John's River . . . wild turkeys can be shot in the area.



3 "America's Christmas City"

Named by a group of Moravian immigrants on a Christmas Eve more than 200 years ago . . . visitors are attracted during the holidays to attend celebrations and to see the miles of lighted trees and the giant illuminated star shining over the city . . . on U.S. 22 . . . The Apothecary, the oldest drug store in the country, features hand-cast candles for traditional Nativity rites.



4 "Deck The Halls . . ."

Around Christmas the townspeople gather holly, mistletoe, pine cones, smilax and sprays of pine, oak and beech from the surrounding countryside . . . supplies a high percentage of the nation's holiday greens . . . town aptly named for its predominate foliage . . . seat of Conecuh County . . . in frontier days it was known as "Cosey's Old Field" because it was part of the farm of John Cosey, a soldier of the Revolution . . . on U.S. 31 and 84.

5 Santa's Headquarters

Youngsters may talk to St. Nick, feed his reindeer, watch toys being made and wander about an extensive village in the Recreation Department-sponsored Santa Claus Christmas Village . . . abolitionist John Brown born here . . . named in 1738 for a town in Devonshire . . . once known as New Orleans Village . . . first brass products made by machinery in the U. S. manufactured here in 1834 . . . on State Highways 8, 25 and 4 . . . surrounded by Litchfield Hills.

ANSWERS

What Is It?

1. Often called "Spanish limes," GINEPS grow in bunches like grapes and look like small green plums. The yellowish pulp has a mild grape flavor.
2. The AKEE hang like great, shiny red and yellow apples from the branches of large trees. The yellow kernels inside are steamed or simmered.
3. The size of a small apple, the GUAVA is covered with a thin skin in shades from yellow to red. In the tropics stewed guavas are a dessert.
4. As soon as you cut the STAR APPLE in half you see the reason for its name. When chilled the fruit is eaten with a spoon.

5. On the outside, BREADFRUIT looks like a large, bumpy green coconut. The white starch inside is mealy and nourishing.
6. The melon of the tropics, the PAPAYA grows from six to twelve inches long in a melon shape. The flesh is firm and has a sweet, heady flavor.

Where Is It?

1. Santa Claus, Indiana
2. Christmas, Florida
3. Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
4. Evergreen, Alabama
5. Torrington, Connecticut

Contributors



"I am probably one of America's best unknown artists of actual accomplishment," writes **ANDRE SMITH**, who wrote and illustrated "Sand Roads to Solitude" (page 27). Mr. Smith is an architect, an etcher, a painter, and a designer of stage sets. He was the first of eight artists sent to France during World War I to record our Army activities. During an interlude before sailing, he designed the Distinguished Service Cross. He is now director of the Research Studio in Maitland, Florida, an institution dedicated to exploring and developing American art.



GEORGE SHELLHASE was born in Philadelphia with a sketch pad in his hands—and he hasn't dropped it since. He is best described as an artist-reporter and is famous for his drawings, in *The New York Times* and *New York Herald Tribune*, of the theatre, the Yankees, and the police—always with a touch of gentle humor. Watercolor is his favorite medium, the New England scene his favorite subject. He has painted several restaurants for the *FORD TIMES*, a happy assignment because of his robust interest in food. The story on Christmas Village in Connecticut (page 2) also delighted him because he loves to draw children's faces. He lives in Darien, Connecticut, with a wife, three children, a horse, two poodles, and a cat.



LAEL TUCKER, chronicler of the beauties of Ojai, California (page 42), was born and raised in the deep South. Her first job was in show business, her second on *Fortune*, her third on *Time*. While wartime correspondent in Berlin and London, she met Charles Christian Wertenbaker, foreign editor of *Time*, whom she married in 1942. They lived on the Basque coast of France after the war, Mr. Wertenbaker writing articles on southern Europe for which his wife did research, and she doing odd reporting jobs for *Time* and *Life* in the Pyrenees. When Mr. Wertenbaker finished a novel, the family (now including two children) returned to the U. S. They traveled 11,500 miles over the country (the Ojai story is one result) and now live in a barn near New York. The photograph was taken in Prades, France, by Isaac Stern, famous American violinist.

This is **WARREN T. MUSGROVE**, author of "Little Jerusalem" (page 32), on himself:

"I played hooky from school one day and stayed in the woods a year. That's what my next book will be about. A first novel, 'Lemonade Spring,' which I finished this summer is in New York hunting a publisher now. I spent a lot of time in the woods and mountains. In the summer of '47 I stayed in a cabin up in the Cherokee country for six weeks all alone, free as a man can be when all he owns is in the back seat of a Model A. But that's all gone now. I came down from the mountains, met a 'sweet thing' from the piney woods, married up right away."



Illustrations by Andre Smith for his "Sand Roads to Solitude" (page 27), include byways near Oviedo (above) and Eatonville.



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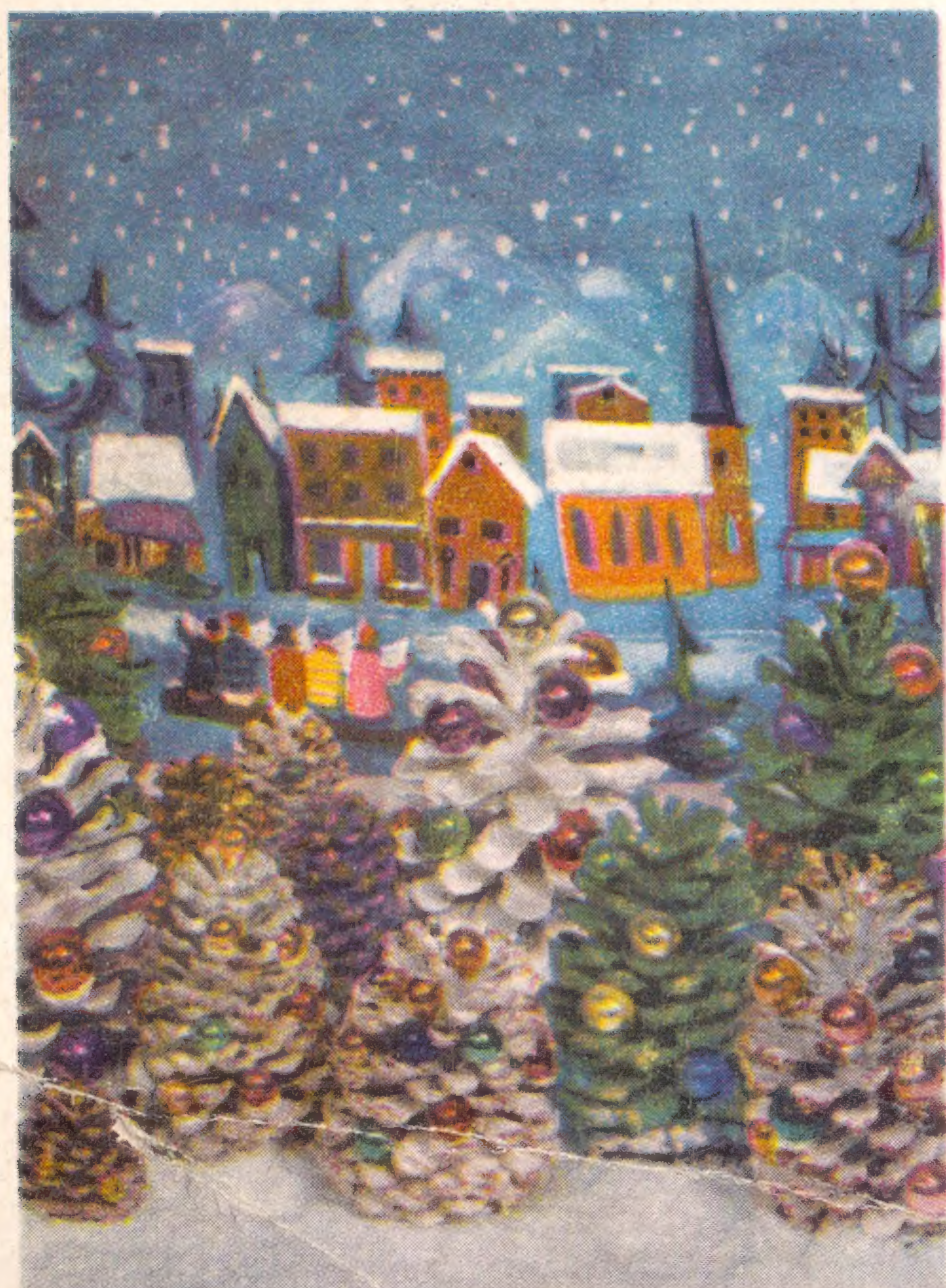
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Front cover—Christmas, in spirit and in symbol. Background painting by C. W. Moss; miniature trees (decorated pine cones) by Barbara Kennedy. Arrangement photographed by Cass Pieronek.

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